

# Cate Peebles



March 25, 2007

**Please describe your favorite poem or kind of poetry.**

My favorite poem (at the moment) is 'Voyages' by Hart Crane. We are engaged and plan to marry next April.

**If you could spend a day with a living poet you admire, what would you do together? What might a passerby overhear?**

My favorite poet and I would spend the day meandering city streets, eating bon bons, and talking about celebrity faux pas and our favorite cheeses.

**Which relationship is more important: a) poetry and politics or b) poetry and philosophy? Why?**

I believe, in terms of my own aesthetic, that poetry and philosophy are an ever inspiring pair. Ideas in things, things in ideas. Things, things, things: Ideas, ideas, ideas.

**If you were able to place poetry in the world where it does not seem prominent, how would it behave there?**

Poetry is not too prominent in many places in the world, and I suppose this isn't the most tragic thing facing us today; but, given the authority, I would happily place poems most anywhere. I.e., cereal boxes and hand creams, bird feed, and/or mustard lids.

**Where will we see you and your work in five years?**

In five years, I see myself at a desk, writing poems. I hope this is near water, and a big, comfy chair.

**Tell us a story: what drew you to poetry in the first place? Why did you start writing?**

The first poem that I remember writing was born of a desire to supply the tune "Greensleeves" with new lyrics. As soon as I wrote it I called my friend Helena and sang it to her. She was delighted. Ultimately, I was drawn to poetry by an intangible lust for words and the sound of them when they sit close to one another.

## If I Whine Will My Silver Robot Unbutton Me Faster?

I believe in windows, shades and tables,  
yet, somehow, when the red-head moves

them, they still exist; but the cup  
will drop and the baby will fly, and the baby

isn't really a baby anymore when it does  
things like that. Squirrels on a hill grow

livelier when the children walk to chapel.  
But there's something I really don't understand,

and it's got *So What?* stitched into it's undies. I have my  
theories, call them Atlantis: they have the low habit

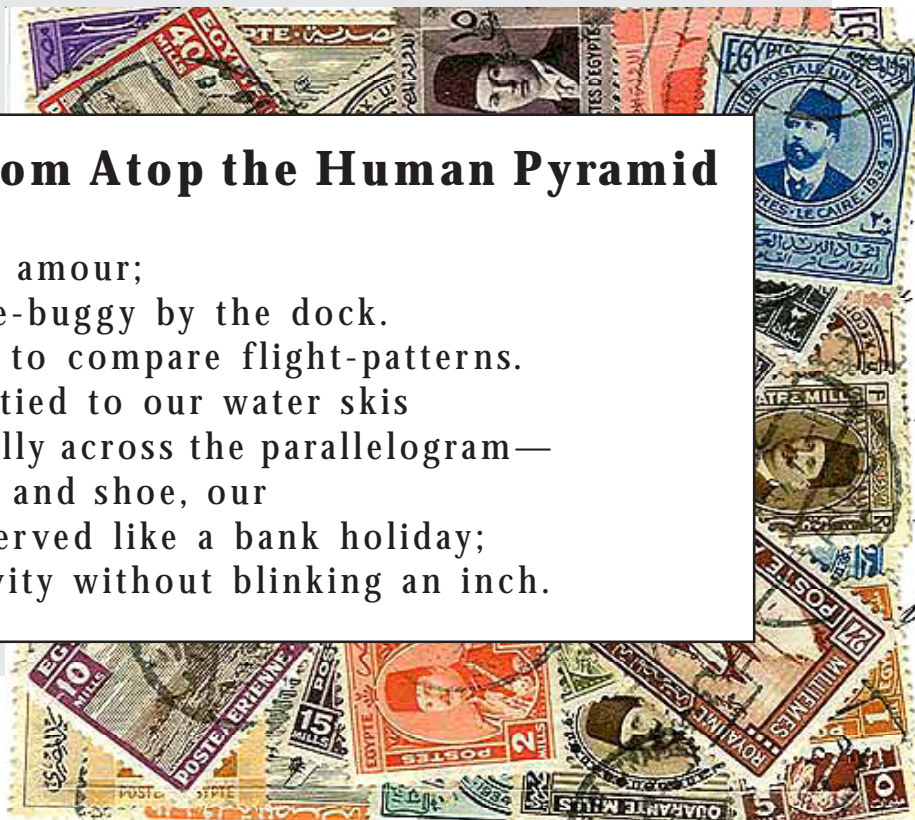
of sinking. The real mystery is how anyone keeps  
their pants on when there's hum and drizzle:

so, trick my sand into pearls; a surface opalized  
to the point of clairvoyance. There's here

and then hear, my unpierced ears; but all along  
I've worn the jewels embroidered on my sleeve.

### Postcard from Atop the Human Pyramid

Zanzibar, mon amour;  
park your dune-buggy by the dock.  
Papa, we need to compare flight-patterns.  
Apron-strings tied to our water skis  
pull us willy-nilly across the parallelogram—  
paired off, eye and shoe, our  
nakedness observed like a bank holiday;  
we bypass gravity without blinking an inch.



# In Long Island City, Because it is So

*for Samia*

She says: We have too many keys to keep us in one place;  
too many places to steep under one face, and just this gust  
of donut-frost in the wind, how it bolsters the sky-line.

## I Was Sitting on the Floor in Pittsburgh

Tangles worsen for tugging and my  
only home has no walls, I thought.  
Steel me. Every hour: a limelight,

a spark. I am afraid  
of never unfastening another  
tangerine. Nearly 9 out of 10 toes

seek more privacy in proximity  
to spandex. I am afraid that a slow heart  
rate clips at the pace of a toy pony,

jumping over tin cans with tassels drawn  
longer than his life. A red jacket lies. So many  
drag. Soot smeared thumbs rub inverted

pockets. How unholy it gets, and more  
so, I'm afraid. I try, I tried. A spot declined.  
You must address the fact that splits.



Cate Peebles was born in Pittsburgh and currently lives in Brooklyn. She is a graduate of Reed College, and is currently enrolled in the MFA Program at the New School. She works as an editorial assistant on an oral biography of George Plimpton that will be published by Random House in 2008.

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